In a world of magic mirrors,

endless dog treats,

spinning hamster wheels,

toys

and bright prizes

that kept every dog busy and

safe,

there once stood a shining

place

called the City of Snow.

It glittered.

It promised warmth in winter

and comfort in hunger.

But one day,

the city collapsed in on itself.

The mirrors shattered.

The wheels stopped spinning.

The treats ran dry.

And the dogs,

once groomed and orderly

turned feral.

They fought over scraps.

They feared the cold sky.

Chaos spread like frost.

From the edge of the ruins

watched a quiet sneaky

coyote.

The Dragon whispered to his

ear

for forty days and forty

nights

So the coyote crafted

an Iron Golem.

but this time, not to

defend.

Not to hunt.

But to build.

And the Golem obeyed.

They forged a new material

It bent like copper.

molded like clay.

stood strong like steel.

and with it,

the Golem imagined another

City of Snow

A Winter Wonderland

hills that felt soft

beneath paw.

Towers that gleamed without

rust.

Fields that required no

seasons.

Then the coyote grabbed

myths of old

and grabbed The words of the

Great White Lion

and proclaimed it to all the

nations of the world

Earth

Water

Fire

Air

They looked up

to the coyote

and every feral dog became a

witness to the

Great White Lion of Judah

and behold The Coyote began

his deception

He sent Iron Beetles into the sky.

Iron Flies.

Iron Ants.

They hummed and stitched and sealed.

And soon there rose a

playland.

Rubbery valleys.

Perfect slopes.

unnatural streams.

it’s shape pretended to be

Eden.

Its form mimicked the

wilderness.

The dogs marveled at the

coyote’s creation

They walked in willingly.

they thought there were no

fences.

No chains.

Only comfort.

What they did not see was

the curve above them.

A Snow Globe

that trapped them under the

sky

it made Man ignore heaven

and glory at below

Inside the globe,

the coyote performed signs

and wonders.

Lights without fire.

Food without soil.

Order without risk.

He dazzled them like a

magician with big gadgets.

And the world applauded at

the Cow of their own making

Safe.

Contained.

Predictable.

Yet beyond the snow globe,

in quiet fields untouched by

rubber hills,

lambs still lifted their

heads toward the true sky.

remembering the roar of the

Great White Lion.

Waiting for the Day

where he will finally return